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*Insideness
is a room's
significance.* ^[1]

In all matters, but particularly in architecture, there are these two points: the thing signified and that which gives it its significance. That which is signified is the subject of which we shall be speaking and that which gives significance is a demonstration on scientific principles. It appears, then, that one who professes himself an architect should be well versed in both. ^[2]

Gestured form and the activated space framed by the human body are primarily visual. Although other influences cannot be overlooked, the eyes get most of the attention.

What is the significance of seeing?
(of not seeing?)

^[1] Laozi. The feminine yin (11:32-38, Tang ch'i wu, yu shih chih yung.). *Dào Dé Jīng*, Jonathan Star translation, Penguin Putnam Inc., New York, 2001 (6th c. B.C.).

^[2] Vitruvius. Chapter 1: The Education of the Architect (p.3). *The Ten Books on Architecture*, Morris Hicky Morgan translation, Dover Publications Inc., New York, 1960 (1st c. B.C.).

I need only listen to the whispers of form and space, to see the effects on the human psyche, our emotional states or behavior. Such a nuanced language, I cannot do otherwise.

An example to illustrate,
What is the significance of shape?

In the typical suburban American house, two tables are often found on the ground floor, one for daily meals, a second for formal dining. There are many common characteristics, the daily table practical in proximity to family activities and routines, the formal table set aside in a decoratively staged room, speaking more to the family's dreams than a special meal.

However, something rarely considered, why are dining tables rectangular in shape, while eating tables are circular?

The rectilinear vocabulary of dining tables permeates the air with a stiffness, a weighting of the moment, elevating the gathering of extended family or friends.

By contrast, the table we use daily with rounded, eased edges is softer, lending to the ergonomics of our bodies. Or do we choose this table for our daily habits, because it resonates on a level buried deep in our genetic memory, from a time when the form and spaces we inhabited were round? Comforting us precisely because of its shape, fulfilling a nearly unperceivable, cry from our past.

What is the significance of such things? How has this difference gone unnoticed? It's a small detail, but not an insignificant one, as this pattern exists in almost every home. Something is going on here, these tables are witness to insights in our being. If we pay more attention, these tables

A KNOCK ECHOES OFF A LIVING ROOM
GONE TO SLEEP, EXCEPT ME, SITTING
ALONE WRITING WITH MY THOUGHTS.

I turn my head toward the remnant of sound still lingering. What was that? A single knock, sharp, solid, as if a knuckle striking a plaster wall. I sit frozen, holding my breath, to hear another.

A slow minute passes. No follow up. Silence is restored, but a changed silence. The room is now filled with uncertainty caused by a sound that did not belong in a house settling down for the night.

Intuition tells me something is here. It escapes me, I need to hear it one more time to be certain. Another minute has passed, still nothing.

Intuition relates objects immediately, affecting the mind in a specific manner, by means of sensibility. All thinking, whether it does so directly or indirectly, must ultimately relate to intuitions, for no object can be given to us in any other way. Through outer sense (a property of our mind) we represent objects as outside us. Within space the shape, size, and relation of these objects are determinate or determinable.^[3]

Known and unknown, internal and external, intuition and reason, subjective and objective, it seems that my mind naturally thinks in pairs. Greater minds than mine pondered such things, Plato and Aristotle, Confucius and Laozi, Kant and Hegel. Is it a propensity of the human mind to find associations? Or is this tendency a thread that binds the universe?

Can answers be reasoned from observations the senses gather? What are the depths of the mind, if it can do such things, reaching out into the world?

Searching for answers, I abstract this sound from the room into the space in my head. Listening to it over and over in my mind, I am starting to doubt I heard it at all. Maybe I imagined it. How would I know?

^[3] Immanuel Kant. I. The Transcendental Doctrine of Elements, First Part: The Transcendental Aesthetic (p.1 A19/B33); First Chapter: On Space (p.2 A23). Critique of Pure Reason, Gary Hatfield translation, Cambridge University Press, Cambridge, 2016 (1781).

Sun has set, darkness takes the place of light, things retreat, no longer visible.

Where today are the Pequot? Where are the Narragansett, the Mohican, the Pokanoket? They have vanished before the avarice and oppression of Man, as snow before a summer sun. Will we let ourselves be destroyed without a struggle, give up our homes and everything that is sacred to us? Never! Never!^[4]

What remains to remind of an absence? No quarter is given for the forgotten, vacancies are not easily perceived.

A long time ago, home changed. **A duality was created as the wilderness world (*huya ania*) was made exterior by the enclosure of interior space.**

There was a time when we would drink from the streams that gather and flow on the surface – no longer. We have turned inward, down under the surface, where things are hidden from sight. Unable to return the calls of the forest, we vacated.

What have we gained by moving inside? What have we lost? What stock has been taken? What consequence considered?

When we lived amongst the trees with a sea of stars glowing overhead, a mind suspended weightless, adrift in the Milky Way. Where have the stars gone? We no longer look up. Our minds have flattened, the depth of mystery no longer visible.

Only in vacuum lay the truly essential. The reality of a room, for instance, is to be found in the vacant space enclosed by the roof and walls, not in the roof and walls themselves. In vacuum alone motion becomes possible. One who could make himself a vacuum into which others might freely enter would become master of all situations.^[5]

^[4] Tecumseh. Sleep Not Longer, O Choctaws and Chickasaws (p.6). The Way: An Anthology of American Indian Literature, Shirley Hill Witt and Stan Steiner translation, Vintage Books, New York, 1972 (1811).

^[5] Kakuzo Okakura. III. Taoism and Zennism (p.24-25). The Book of Tea, Dover Publications Inc., New York, 1964 (1906).

KNOCK

There it is again, I snap my head around to catch the sound before it ends. A second knock, that one I heard, confirmation.

Clearly, the room is no longer my own, I now share the space. But, with what?

My muscles tense motionless, intensely listening for the slightest signal. Nothing comes, only the internal sound of my heartbeat accelerating.

Time is now against me. Passing without a trace does nothing to alleviate my imagination run wild. Another sound might reveal identity, but only fleeting hope.

What has invaded my house, stirred my emotions, taken hostage my thoughts? I try to suppress my intuitions...

a mouse.

Not that. Anything but that. A mouse on the loose, running along the floor, climbing the walls, scurrying in shadows between corners. Desperately I plead it be anything else.

Whiskers twitching, surveying the room. Eyes of an intruder, tail slivering the space of its new found terrain. Quickly lifting my feet off the floor, curl up fetal into my chair. My head immobile, eyes afraid to close or look, fearing what I might see. The room has most certainly changed, in only two knocks. And now, I have surrendered any will to resist, overtaken.

I return to reason, the only defense I am willing to take. We are both warm blooded mammals, sharing much of the same genes, our similarities likely outnumbering the differences between us. In the fullest measure, a mouse is a living life form, deserving the minimum of respect afforded any sentient being.

Do we in our time have an answer to the question of what we really mean by the word 'being'? Not at all. So it is fitting that we should raise anew the question of the meaning of being. This question has today been forgotten, although our time considers itself progressive in again affirming 'metaphysics'. All the same we believe that we are spared the exertion of rekindling a Battle of Giants concerning Being. But the question touched upon here is hardly an arbitrary one. Wrested from phenomena by the highest exertion of thought, albeit in fragments and first beginnings, has long since been trivialized. Being (*Sein*) is found in thatness and whatness, reality, the objective presence of things (*Vorhandenheit*), substance, validity, existence (*Dasein*), and in the 'there is' (*es gibt*).^[6]

The thatness and whatness, the objective presence is guarded by the cover of night, not so easily extracted, deduced.

In making for ourselves a place to live, we first spread a parasol to throw a shadow on the earth, and in the pale light of the shadow we put together a house. There are of course roofs on Western houses too, but they are built to create as few shadows as possible and to expose the interior to as much light as possible. There are all sorts of reasons for the deep Japanese eaves. The fact that we did not use glass, concrete, and bricks, for instance, made a low roof necessary to keep off the driving wind and rain. The quality that we call beauty, however, must always grow from the realities of life, and our ancestors, forced to live in dark rooms, came to discover beauty in shadows, ultimately to guide shadows to beauty's end.^[7]

MUFFLED CRACK, AS ICE MAKES EXPANDING COLDER,
THEN A SUDDEN CRASH OF CUBES DROP INTO A TRAY.

There is no mouse after all, it was the refrigerator. Ice maker activated by the glass of water and ice I took before settling into my chair to write. This must have been the source, the two knocks did come from the direction of the kitchen.

[6] Martin Heidegger. Introduction: The Exposition of the Question of the Meaning of Being (p.1); Chapter One: The Formal Structure of the Question of Being (p.2, 7). *Being and Time*. Joan Stambaugh translation, State University of New York Press, Albany, 2010 (1927).
[7] Jun'ichirō Tanizaki. (p.17-18). *In Praise of Shadows*. Thomas J. Harper and Edward G. Seidensticker translation, Leete's Island Books Inc., Sedgwick, 1977 (1933).

Just like that, the atmosphere lifted, the mouse vanished along with my worries. A deep sigh of relief.

It begs the question, if being can manifest with a couple knocks, then vanish with a crack of ice, if the line between being and not-being is so tenuous, why are there beings at all instead of nothing? This is obviously the first of all questions.^[8a]

One being always keeps coming to the fore in this questioning, the human beings who pose this question. And yet the question should not be about some particular, individual being. Given the unrestricted range of the question, every being counts as much as any other.^[8a]

Let us consider the Earth within the dark immensity of space in the universe. We can compare it to a tiny grain of sand; more than a kilometer of emptiness extends between it and the next grain of its size; on the surface of this tiny grain of sand lives a stupefied swarm of supposedly clever animals, crawling all over each other, who for a brief moment have invented knowledge. And what is a human lifespan amid millions of years? Barely a move of the second hand, a breath. Within beings as a whole there is no justification to be found for emphasizing precisely this being that is called the human being and among which we ourselves happen to belong. To be sure, whether the question is posed or not makes no difference whatsoever to beings themselves. The planets move in their orbits and the vigor of life flows through plant and animal without this question.^[8a]

Then we discover that this distinctive question has its ground in a leap by which human beings leap away from all the previous safety of their being (*Dasein*), be it genuine or presumed. The asking of this question happens only in the leap and as the leap, and otherwise not at all. An originary leap (*Ur-sprung*): an attaining-the-ground-by-leaping.^[8a]

[8a] Martin Heidegger. Chapter One: The Fundamental Question of Metaphysics (p.1, 3-5). *Introduction to Metaphysics*, Gregory Fried and Richard Polt translation, Yale University Press, New Haven, 2000 (1935).

These beings are held out in a questioning manner into the possibility of not-being. In this way, the question gains a completely different power and urgency. Why do they not fall back into not-being constantly with no further ado? From now on, beings as such waver, insofar as we put them into question. The oscillation of this wavering reaches out into the most extreme and sharpest counter possibility of beings, into not-being and nothing. We are now searching for a ground that is supposed to ground the dominance of beings as an overcoming of nothing.^[8b]

It occurs to me, silent as a mouse. The knocks may have been the ice maker, but that is not to say a mouse is not here. Reassurance the refrigerator had given has evaporated in the air. Uncertainty has returned to the shadows, the recesses where the light from my tablet does not reach.

Being does not consist in our observing beings. The mouse sits there even if we do not hear it. We can come across it only because it already is. In addition, the being of this mouse does not at all seem to be identical for everybody. For me, alone in the dark it is not what it is for other mice who may sit inside the wall. One can, as it were, smell the being of such mice, and often after decades one still has the scent in one's nose. On the other hand, the subsistence of the mouse does not depend on this scent that is hovering around somewhere.^[8b]

SCRATCH
SCRATCH
SCRATCH

There is no mistaking the sounds of slow methodical scratching. All doubt erased, it has sprung to life. Across the room, within the back wall where it meets the ceiling. I hear the mouse scratching at the foam insulation in the wall. Yet really I am only hearing the noise of the insulation rattling, the noise that the mouse causes. We always hear more than the mere noise. Where does being lie and in what does it consist?^[8b]

^[8b] Martin Heidegger. Chapter One: The Fundamental Question of Metaphysics (p.22, 26). Introduction to Metaphysics, Gregory Fried and Richard Polt translation, Yale University Press, New Haven, 2000 (1935).

If the imagination fills in what the ears hear, while the eyes are blind to what is missing, how can we be certain of reality, the existence of another being in addition to my own?

SCRATCH
SCRATCH
SCRATCH

A pause, the silence between scratches is perceptually different, as a rest between musical notes. Not simply absence of sound, rather a palpable space charged by the scratching that preceded and the anticipation of scratches to follow. The presence of a mouse is decisively solidified, significantly different than suspicions I felt from only knocks.

What if human beings, in their greatest machinations and exploits, have a relation to beings but have long since fallen out of being, without knowing it, and what if this were the innermost and most powerful ground of their decline?^[8c]

An easing of precision by a distancing from tactile existence, numbing sensitivities. 你醒了吗? (*Nǐ xǐng le ma?*)

If a mouse is running through a maze of joists and studs in my house, let us distinguish between a geographical and a behavioral environment. Do multiple mice run in the same maze? Yes, when we mean the geographical, no, when we mean the behavioral 'in'. The seat of my chair looks rectangular, although its retinal image will be rectangular in a negligibly small number of occasions only. The behavioral things are conservative; they do not change with every change of the proximal stimulation by which they are produced. The constancy of real things is to a great extent preserved in the constancy of the phenomenal things despite variations in their proximal stimuli.^[9]

^[8c] Martin Heidegger. Chapter One: The Fundamental Question of Metaphysics (p.28). Introduction to Metaphysics, Gregory Fried and Richard Polt translation, Yale University Press, New Haven, 2000 (1935).

^[9] K. Koffka. Chapter II: Behavior and Its Field: The Geographical and the Behavioral Environment (p.28); Chapter III: The Environmental Field: The Problem: Why do Things Look as They Do? (p.82-83). Principles of Gestalt Psychology, Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York, 1935 (1935).

The space within a house is defined by behavioral subjectivity, not by the walls themselves. Between the mouse and I, by an awareness of the other's existence, the interior room I inhabit is very different from the wall cavity the mouse occupies, more so than any material differences.

What concerns me, is the indifference inherent with interior space, an isolation from the exterior. This mouse paralyzed me by invading my home, but this only after my house invaded its. I feel that precisely in this lies the most appropriate and noble fate of those external beings, to order and pacify within them all the forces and fortunes of me, to become not the object or end of my physical or intellectual activity, but a pretext for my dreams, for my hopes, for my deeds. I would like them to become not creatures subject to my destiny, beings that depend on me, but to free each from the mysterious tyrannies of their nature, to help them conquer a freedom and a dignity that nature contends and contests with each. I would like the actions, the instincts and the feelings belonging to human beings to be found in every being, even if softened and discouraged. In their face I would recognize my own distant face, the one of my childhood.^[10]

Everything that I know about the world, even through science, I know from a perspective that is my own. The entire universe of science is constructed upon the lived world, and if we wish to think science rigorously, we must first awaken that experience of the world of which science is the second-order expression. I am the absolute source. My experience does not come from my antecedents, nor from my physical and social surroundings; it moves out toward them and sustains them. For I am the one who brings into being for myself this tradition that I choose to take up or this horizon whose distance from me would collapse were I not there to sustain it with my gaze.^[11a]

KNOCK, ROLL, STOP.

^[10] Curzio Malaparte. *Donna Come Me* (p.2-3). Woman Like Me, Robin Monotti Graziadei translation, Troubador Publishing Ltd., Leicester, 2007 (1940).

^[11a] Maurice Merleau-Ponty. Preface (p.9). Phenomenology of Perception, Donald A. Landes translation, Routledge, New York, 2012 (1945).

As if a marble was dropped, rolling along a joist in the ceiling. Maybe it has a poisoned bait cube I placed. No, wouldn't roll.

Maybe a nut, yes, a nut stashed away for winter. Not merely a mouse trapped in a wall, it is preparing a nest. Soon a family of mice, next overrun by an infestation. Please no, not that.

Perhaps it is a small stone.

Not one carried in by a mouse, but a stone of its own volition.

How does a stone come to be in a house? The cavity of a wall is dark, a familiar realm for a stone that comes from below, working its way to the surface, eventually seeing the light of day. What if this stone lost its way, ending up in a maze of framing?

Stones are generally believed inanimate. Despite how science categorizes life or philosophy defines beings, our intuitions, our perspective, our judgements are influenced most by the visual. The pace of a stone is beyond our own and if we do not see a stone move with intent, we believe it not-being.

Is this short-sighted? Or maybe, this indifference toward things that do not occupy our space and timeframe, gives meaning to those in close proximity. In a universe of endless beings, things quickly become overwhelmed, unable to make sense and act. It could simply be a matter of signal and noise.

This stone exists to me only if I perceive it. Obscured by the walls of my house, it is absent. A vacancy of being inside. However, once heard, moving about, it takes to life in my head.

Gestalt theory tells us that a figure against a background is the most basic sensible given we can have, this is not a contingent characteristic of factual perception. Rather, this is the very definition of the perceptual phenomenon. The perceptual 'something' is always in the middle of some other thing, it always belongs to a 'field'.^[11b]

^[11b] Maurice Merleau-Ponty. Introduction: Classical Prejudices and the Return to Phenomena: 1a. Sensation as impression (p.26). Phenomenology of Perception, Donald A. Landes translation, Routledge, New York, 2012 (1945).

We are caught up in the world, never directly experienced and that all consciousness is consciousness of something. Through optics and geometry we construct the fragment of the world whose image can, at any moment form upon our retina. We ought to perceive a sharply delimited segment of the world, surrounded by a black zone, filled with qualities without lacunae, and subtended by determinate size relations like those existing upon the retina. But experience offers nothing of the sort, the region surrounding neither black nor gray. In this region there is an indeterminate vision, a vision of something or other, and if taken to the extreme, that which is behind my back is not without visual presence. The visual field is this strange milieu in which contradictory notions intertwine because the objects are not here placed in the domain of being where a comparison would be possible, but are rather each grasped in its own private context, as if they did not belong to the same universe. [11c]

Psychologists have for a long time gone to great lengths to ignore these phenomena. In the world taken in itself, everything is determinate. We must recognize the indeterminate as a positive phenomenon. The sense that it contains is an equivocal sense, and more a question of an expressive value than a logical significance. [11c]

At the end of the day, a house is filled with shadows, what is real is less significant than what is perceived. The space I inhabit, sitting in my chair, is defined more by my fears of a mouse loose in the house, than the factual reality of it being here or not. Outside my field of vision, vacant within, my imagination brings the mouse inside the space occupied by my being. Delineation lines between reality and perceived are just as absent as division between the determinate in sight and the indeterminate out. The active mind fills in what is missing and to do so, takes more from my interior being than from my exterior world. Therefore, the space I inhabit, sitting in my chair, becomes my own subjective space, defined by my perceptual reach, for me.

[11c] Maurice Merleau-Ponty. Introduction: Classical Prejudices and the Return to Phenomena: 1b. Sensation as quality (p.27-28). Phenomenology of Perception, Donald A. Landes translation, Routledge, New York, 2012 (1945).

The premise, as always, involves deducing the given from what can be provided by the sense organs. Then, the 'evoked elements' are obtained by subtracting givens from the total perception. Perception is thereby constructed with states of consciousness as a house is built with stones. By returning to phenomena, we find, as a fundamental layer, a whole already pregnant with an irreducible sense. It is a question of understanding how consciousness can, with time, alter the structure of its landscape; how at each instant, its previous experience is present to it in the form of an horizon that it can reopen, but that it can also leave 'on the margins' and that thus immediately provides the perceived with a present atmosphere and signification. More generally, real objects that do not make up part of our visual field can only be present to us through images, and this is why objects are nothing but the 'permanent possibilities of sensations', the strange mode of existence of the object behind us. The original structure makes the hidden aspects of the world just as certain as the visible ones. [11d]

Psychological reflection, however, obliges us to place the precise world back into its cradle of consciousness, and to seek out its first springing forth into consciousness. Consciousness must be brought face to face with its unreflective life in things and must awaken to its own, forgotten, history. [11d]

How do I perceive something that has been forgotten? How do I perceive that something has been forgotten?

A world of beings inhabit the dark of night.
Although, nocturnals do not exist for those who sleep.
What is a shelter, if not a place to rest?

[11d] Maurice Merleau-Ponty. Introduction: Classical Prejudices and the Return to Phenomena: II d 'There is no 'Projection of Memories' (p.45-46), II e Empiricism and Reflection (p.49), III a Attention and the Unquestioned Belief in the World Itself (p.56). Phenomenology of Perception, Donald A. Landes translation, Routledge, New York, 2012 (1945).

We enter the house.

The part played by the window is an innovation, for it becomes the main feature, the chief attraction in the house.

The proportion inside the house must be adapted.^[12]

Our measure is constricted by the breadth of our view to the outside. And at night, when light is absent, the world outdoors is lost. Perception is limited to only what can be found indoors, this *insiderness of being*.

What is our preference for a shelter,
more than the things we are sheltered from?

What is this desire to be inside?
What is this trap that draws us in?

The shadows created by low, deep eaves, become mysteries when compressed within a tight recess, a dark unknown place, a puzzle to be solved.

The eye is drawn in, just as water gathers in a valley flowing from a mound. Yet, there is more here than gravity. If not, the weight of being, that sense we can feel in a stone without taking in hand, would be enough to explain what catches the eye.

No, the visual language is more powerful than the force that binds planets. Perception is mighty enough to contain all life, but more significant, able to blind us from seeing life altogether. How else could we live with house plants made of plastic?

The tight corner recesses of my house catch the eye of a mouse, drawing inside, just as it does myself. In-side, the out-side world is out of sight and forgotten.

Comforted, soon familiar, then dependent.
That sense of enclosure we seek.

^[12] Le Corbusier. *La Petite Maison* (p.30-34, 36). *Une Petite Maison*, Mit Deutschem translation, Birkhäuser – Publishers for Architecture, Basel, 2005 (1954).

Faced with the bestial hostility of the storm, the house's virtues of protection and resistance are transported into human virtues. Come what may the house helps us to say, 'I will be an inhabitant of the world, in spite of the world'. In this dynamic rivalry between home and universe, we are far removed from any reference to simple geometrical forms. A house that has been experienced is not an inert box. Inhabited space transcends geometrical space.^[13a]

A house built by and for the body, taking form from the inside, like a shell, in an intimacy that works physically. On the inside, the instrument that prescribes a circular form for the nest is nothing else but the body of the bird. It is by constantly turning round and round and pressing back the walls on every side, that it succeeds in forming this circle. The house is a bird's very person. And if we were to work at our dwelling places the way a bird its nest, we should not be wearing the ready-made clothes. Each one of us would have a personal house of his own, a nest for his body, padded to his measure.^[13b]

Suddenly we find ourselves entirely in the roundness of this being, we live in the roundness of life, like a walnut that becomes round in its shell. For when it is experienced from the inside, devoid of all exterior features, being cannot be otherwise than round.^[13c]

It is this feeling of roundness, internal to me, that I project outward, into the space around me. If the space is round too, it receives me gently, resonates the vibrations I make.

But a space not round, does not speak to me. **My being changes from living with-in and disconnected with-out.** No longer round, a distancing has occurred. A silencing of the roundness left outside, I no longer here their words.

^[13a] Gaston Bachelard. 2 house and universe (IV: p.46-47). *the poetics of space*, Maria Jolas translation, Beacon Press, Boston, 1994 (1958).

^[13b] Gaston Bachelard. 4 nests (VII: p.101). *the poetics of space*, Maria Jolas translation, Beacon Press, Boston, 1994 (1958).

^[13c] Gaston Bachelard. 10 the phenomenology of roundness (II: p.234, III: 236). *the poetics of space*, Maria Jolas translation, Beacon Press, Boston, 1994 (1958).

I do not necessarily believe everything I hear when a knock comes from outside, but I do continue listening with greater attention and curiosity. There is a moment which follows and we shall soon give up any thought of knowing and understanding. There is a sense of emptiness that comes over us at evening. Only in a mouse scratching was I able to discern, through the walls destined to crumble, the tracery of a pattern so subtle it could escape the shadows. ^[14a]

The house, however, does not tell its past, but contains it like the lines of a hand, written in the corners, every segment marked in turn with scratches, indentations, burrows. ^[14b]

The house appears to me as a whole where no desire is lost and of which I am a part, I can do nothing but inhabit this desire and be content. My labor which gives form to desire takes from desire its form. ^[14c]

I know it is a house, but I think of it as a vessel that will take me away from my vacancies, a windjammer about to cast off, with the breeze already swelling the sails, not yet unfurled. ^[14d]

Who is to say which aspects of life at any moment are authentic and which are not? How can one possibly tell at what point all the dizzying sources of change in our lives have given rise to a new and genuine authenticity? ^[15]

Surely in the century since its invention, incandescent lighting has become for us a new kind of natural light, for our new interior space, its 60-cycle-per-second song, B-flat two octaves below middle-C, as much a part of our nature as its signature yellow. ^[15]

Since the dawn of humans, our toolset (architecture) has struggled to domesticate the natural world. From the first stone used to break open a nut, to artificial light chasing out a mouse at night, these things created by hand have shaped our being and by doing so, hid from view that which we left behind.

**We enclose space to turn inward,
re-framing vast unknowns as external.**

[14a] Italo Calvino. 1..... (p.5-6). Invisible Cities, William Weaver translation, Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Co., New York, 1974 (1972).

[14b] Italo Calvino. 1: Cities and Memory 3 (p.11). Invisible Cities, William Weaver translation, Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Co., New York, 1974 (1972).

[14c] Italo Calvino. 1: Cities and Desire 2 (p.12). Invisible Cities, William Weaver translation, Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Co., New York, 1974 (1972).

[14d] Italo Calvino. 1: Cities and Desire 3 (p.17). Invisible Cities, William Weaver translation, Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Co., New York, 1974 (1972).

[15] Jeffrey Kipnis. 3 How Buildings Speak to Us (A Brief Aside) (p.58-59). A Question of Qualities: Essays in Architecture, MIT Press, Cambridge, 2013 (2007).

supplement

NEXT MORNING, IN THE LIGHT OF DAY,
SCAMPERING IN FEVERED DESPERATION

It's coming out of the walls, in the back room, where the framing is exposed.

THUD, SCURRY ACROSS THE FLOOR,
PAUSED AGAINST THE CABINETS.

What? That is not the tail of a mouse. It is furry and curled up like a squirrel, but flattened as tail feathers of a bird.

It must have heard my thoughts, it began circling the kitchen, heading for the basement stairs – No, not down stairs, I will never find it down there. I quickly corral it toward the back kitchen door. Out across the deck around the house, then racing up the slope of the wall.

It must be returning to where it came in last night, I need to get it off the house. In fear, it continued along, clinging to the wall. I reach the end of the deck, can go no further. In panic, I slap the wall and unexpectedly, it leaps toward the trees below, legs outstretched patagia in flight. ^[16]

Attaining the out-side once again (*Ur-sprung*), by questioning the void.

^[16] Matthew Schluob. Lecture 5: Storytelling (2016.08.05). [Architecture in the Modern Era](#), University of Pittsburgh, Oakland, 2016 (2014). ∞